

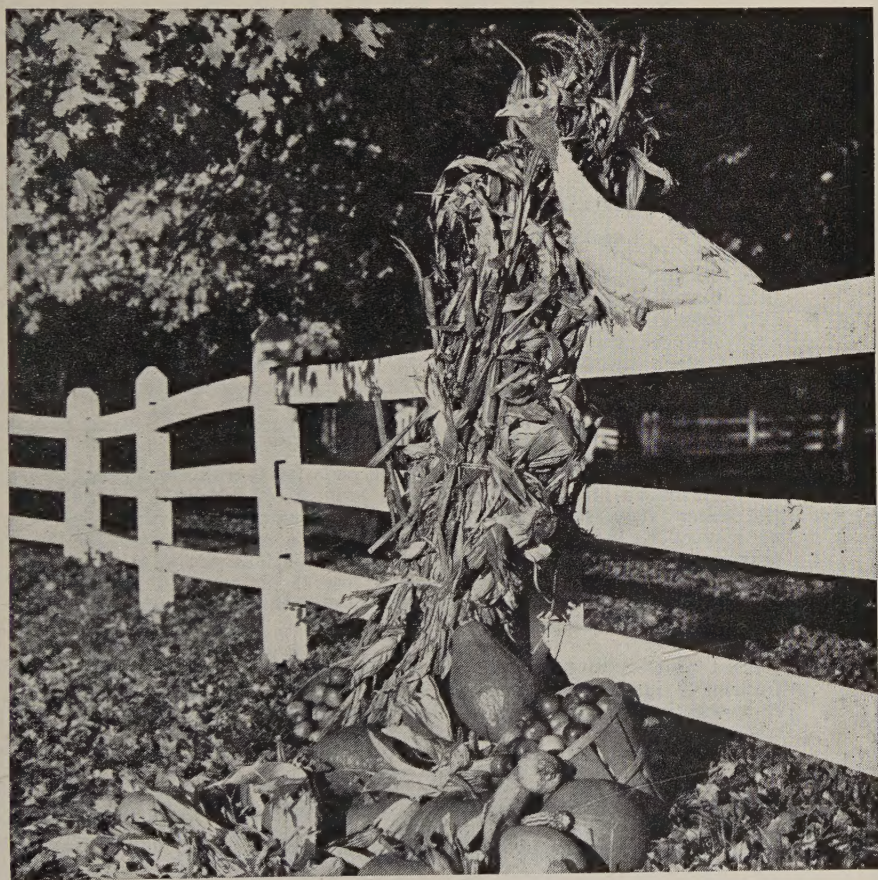
The Liberalist

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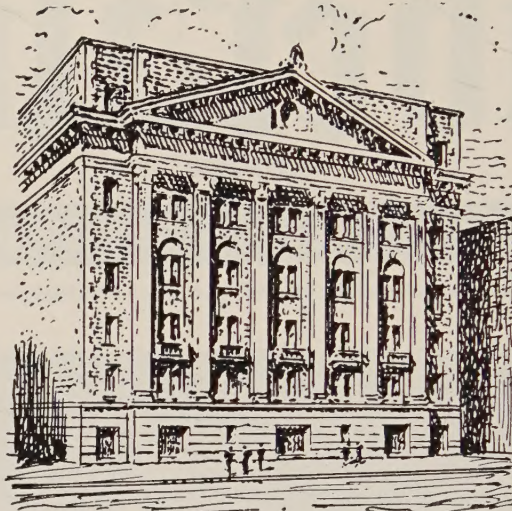
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



There's a gleam of gold
On the ravished fields,
And red in the harvest moon.
There's a cheer of hearth, of heart,
of home,

That never is rivaled by June!
Does the year, torn by pain,
Strive to tell us in vain,
With its last, sweet breath,
That there is no death?

(From the poem "November"—Collected Poetry of Francesca Falk Miller)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"

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"Life and You"

"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

THE biggest emotional experience which I have in my annual European jaunt is visiting the Ireland I love. I have never sailed up to an Irish port when I was not on deck to see the first signs of the Irish Coast. This trip was no exception. The Irish Sea was tranquil all night. I had a good rest. I was up at daybreak. Why do so many travelers by ship miss the sunset and the sunrise at sea? As the coast became more distinct, the rolling, green-decked, rugged hills of Ireland unfolded with poetic beauty. What a tragedy that so many Americans omit Ireland from their European trip! They don't realize what they are missing! The gracious, kindly people and the incomparable scenery justify any travel inconvenience in getting to Ireland. With some of the finest ships on the Atlantic calling at Cobh, it is easy to do Ireland first, with a wide choice of ships sailing from Dublin and Belfast to England and Scotland. Besides, one of the most famous airports in Europe,—Shannon—is always convenient. Yet of the many who stop at Shannon, all they ever see of Ireland is during the short time the plane is at Shannon. Visit Ireland once and you will want to go back often.

I have been going to Ireland for forty years and I would never cross the Atlantic without an Irish visit. My feeling is not because it is my paternal ancestral home. The attachment is not that easily experienced. Ireland has a great history, a great literature and a great heart! Poetry is in her soul and music in her heart. There were universities and colleges in Ireland when England was a pagan wilderness. I have been in every county in Ireland

and know its little island from Cobh to Port Rush and from Dublin to Londonderry, and every moment I spend there is filled with delight and inspiration. Some of my dearest friends are there. The memories of the times we have been together is a benediction. Often in the midst of my busy Chicago days, with the constant activity of sermons, lectures, sick calls, committee meetings, funerals, weddings and an infinite variety of work, I think of the Glens of Antrim, the Killarney Lakes, the Wicklow Mountains, the Mountains of Mourne, the Coast Road, the tranquil, thatch-roofed cottage in the Glen Dun, where I have enjoyed a cup of tea and Irish bread baked on a peat fire—the quiet beauty of an old inn at Crawfordsburn — the walks on moonlight nights up the wooded trail to Belfast Castle—all these memories and many more bring peace to my winter-wearied soul.

The Liverpool ship arrives in early morning in Belfast. The ride down the Belfast Lough, past the great ship-building yards, is always interesting. We were soon comfortably situated in the fine Grand Central Hotel, which was to be our home for more than a week. It almost seemed like going home: the kindness of the staff, the comfort of the hotel and the hospitality which surrounds you at the Grand Central is unsurpassed.

Old Belfast friends soon called. I have often written of the friendship and esteem which I have for my old friends, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Agnew,—Arthur and Isobel they are to me! He, one of the great preachers of the non-subscribing Presbyterian Church, and Isobel, one of the best-known women

physicians in Ulster. Her beloved father, Dr. Caldwell, I have known for years. He is retired now, living in a lovely home in the country overlooking the entrance to Belfast. We went out to see him and I was overjoyed to find him in good health. He picked me a dish of red raspberries from his garden which I ate with relish. He has a fine mind and throughout his long lifetime has always been an independent thinker. He has never permitted any political party or religious group to do his thinking for him. It is a tonic to be with him and I enjoyed the afternoon we spent together.

My visit with the Agnews in their home in Duncairn Gardens was almost like a family reunion. Their smiling Irish housekeeper and cook, Miss Rose McKenna, was as glad to see me again as I was delighted to see her. She has been a fixture in the home for a long time. Her charm, vivacity and kindness increase with the years. What would I give right now—way up here on Lake Vermilion, in northern Minnesota, to have a cup of Rose McKenna's Irish tea! But I must wait until another summer.

I was delighted to see again the Rev. John McCleery and his lovely Doris. John, you recall, spent a year at the University in Meadville Theological School and was often in our church and home during his student days. He is now the minister of the non-subscribing Presbyterian Church in Dunmurry, a suburb of Belfast. It is one of the most flourishing churches in Ireland. His two fine daughters are young ladies now. The McCleerys held a reception in their delightful manse for Dr. Donald and myself. Dr. Donald preached in Dunmurry Church the morning I was preaching in the First Presbyterian Church in Belfast. The evening they entertained was one of the high moments of our Belfast

visit. An evening of conversation was followed by a repast such as you will seldom have anywhere.

In all my preaching I never have more responsive and appreciative congregations than greet me in Belfast and Dublin. My experiences this year in the pulpits of the First Presbyterian Church and All Souls Church in Belfast linger with me the whole year through.

Unfortunately for me the distinguished minister of First Church, the Reverend Dr. H. J. McLachlan and his family were having their holiday in Donegal. I did not see them this year, much to my disappointment. I took the service as well as the sermon. The order of service was not too different from our own and I had no difficulty, but when preaching in another pulpit I much prefer only to preach the sermon. The congregation was large and I was happy to greet many old friends after the service.

In the evening at All Souls Church, Dr. Agnew, the minister, took the entire service, leaving me the responsibility of the sermon. What an experience to preach in this famous pulpit! Dr. Agnew's gracious introduction made it easier. More than thirty years ago I preached for him the first time. I have watched him and his church grow with the years until today it is probably the most largely attended Unitarian Church in the world, with the exception of the Peoples Church of Chicago.

The church was packed to overflowing. Nearly 700 people were present. The interior of the church is a modified Gothic with a beautiful chancel. After the service a reception and tea were held in the adjacent hall, where friends from not only Belfast but the surrounding communities greeted me with Irish warmth and fellowship. A more sumptuous meal was provided for me

in the vestry, under the direction of Mrs. Agnew and Mrs. McCleery. Joining me there was Dr. Donald and Dr. and Mrs. D. Frazer-Hurst. Inasmuch as I never eat before a service their thoughtfulness was much appreciated. The service was over at 8:00 o'clock but it was nearly eleven before I returned to the Grand Central—grateful for an inspiring day with the churches and people who mean much to me.

During my Belfast visit Dr. Agnew and I were at luncheon in the hotel one noon when he left the table for a moment. He had a surprise for me. He soon returned to the dining room bringing with him a young lady who was introduced as Miss Jean Millar. "Do you remember me?" she said. I had no recollection of ever seeing her before and said so. "Well, you christened me seventeen years ago in York Street Church one Sunday, when you were preaching in Belfast." I am sure I registered surprise and delight. We had a most pleasant visit about the intervening years. These seventeen years have brought changes to me, I know, but they are insignificant compared to the changes which have come to her! In my travels I frequently meet with similar experiences. It is a wonderful thing to become a part of so many people's lives in the most important episodes of life—marriage, death and christening! Such is one of the most compensating results of a minister's life.

* * *

Occasionally as the years pass you meet some personality who makes an unusual and lasting impression. You may not see them very often, but they occupy a vivid place in your heart and affections. Such has been my experience with the Reverend Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst, one of the finest men I have ever known. He and his beloved wife

are now retired and living in a quiet and beautiful section of Belfast. For years he was the most admired and best loved minister in a Belfast pulpit—the influential Elmwood Presbyterian Church. A great scholar, an eloquent preacher, a fine writer and an understanding pastor—these are his qualities recognized by all who know him. He was preaching in a nearby church the evening I was at All Souls. After his service he and Mrs. Frazer-Hurst came over to All Souls and shared the evening with me. What a joy it was to renew our friendship which began last year when we met for the first time at a banquet of the International Congress of Free Religion, in Belfast. We have corresponded during the year. He has a manuscript now at a New York publisher's and before long, I hope, American readers will be introduced to his fine mind and philosophy. He writes the leading editorial every Saturday for the Belfast Telegraph. On July 7th he published an editorial which he called "Hands Across the Sea." I thought so highly of it I have asked permission to republish it in *The Liberalist*, which we will do in an early issue. Although Dr. Frazer-Hurst has retired from the active ministry, he is a long way from retirement in his creative faculties. He has a yonder mind. He thinks more of the future than the past. He is alert to the great issues of the contemporary world. His theology is liberal and is expressed against the background of the fundamental verities of religious truth. He has visited the United States and Canada, preaching in our country in pulpits from Washington to California. I find him one of the most inspiring and refreshing ministers I have ever known;—kindly, sympathetic and understanding. His shining noble face reminds one of the benign but virile Philips Brooks. I wish the

students of our theological schools could have the opportunity of hearing him in a series of addresses across our land. Why do not those who have the opportunity of presenting lectures to our students invite men like him instead of so many dull professors who spend their lives in the arid cloisters of academic thought and who know little about the everyday problems of men and women. Some of our theological schools are derelict in not bringing to the coming preachers vital personalities who know the heartaches and longings of people. More active men in the pastorate should be brought to the students. This is a pet peeve of mine and thoroughly justified. If it were done on a much more extensive scale the quality of preaching in the American pulpit would rise immeasurably in the next decade. Many of the students coming out of the theological schools go into the active ministry tragically and fatally doomed to a ministry of mediocrity and failure. There's a reason. One of the many reasons for wanting to return to Ireland next year is to see again Dr. D. Frazer-Hurst. May he live long!

* * *

Mr. Archie Preston, a fine businessman of Dublin and an active member of the Lions, heard from Chicago that I was going to be in Dublin. He wrote me in London asking if I could not speak to the Lions Club in Dublin. I accepted and I am glad I did. Mr. Preston came up to Belfast and attended both services at which I preached. He returned to Dublin and made arrangements for one of the finest meetings of a Lions Club I have ever attended.

The club meets in the modern American-like Hotel—the Gresham. A reception preceded the meeting, where I met the members, guests and their wives. Dr. Savell Hicks, our minister

in Dublin, and another dear friend of mine, Mrs. Saville, were also guests. It was a gala occasion. Rarely have I spoken where there was a more enthusiastic response.

A dynamic young Dublin businessman, Mr. Dermot Ryan, is the President. Mr. Ryan has one of the largest self-drive and auto livery businesses in Ireland or the British Isles. The next day after the meeting he sent a car and chauffeur to drive me from Dublin to Cobh, where I took the good ship "Mauretania" to New York. I had never made this drive, which takes about four hours and passes through some historical and scenic countryside. I was much interested in seeing the home of the late much-loved John McCormick. The places prominent in Irish history and legend fascinated me. The day was ideal.

Ireland is the land of wonderful horses. I passed through one of the most famous places in all Ireland for the training of riding and race horses. To see the jockeys riding their mounts was thrilling. No wonder the Dublin horse show is the finest of its kind. We passed through historic Cork, with its Blarney Castle, where June said, on our visit to the Blarney Stone, that I "did not visit Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney Stone, but to re-charge it;"—one of the wittiest of all the remarks about the Blarney Stone, although it was at my expense! Perhaps there was a hint of truth in her comment, too! Some people think so!

* * *

Cobh is an interesting port. Before Irish Free State came into being it was called Queenstown. I have sailed in and out of it under the old regime and the new, but its distinctive character remains unchanged. The city itself is built on a ridge which reminds me somewhat of Duluth. The main thoroughfare parallels the river and is sev-

eral miles from the open sea. The passenger liners anchor outside and tenders take out and bring back its passengers.

We spent a quiet evening, after an excellent dinner in the Commodore Hotel, walking along the river and window shopping in the shops. The long twilight, the beautiful scenery, the distant hills, the happy young people singing in their sailboats, the strolling families, the occasional siren of a passing ship, the quaint beauty of this historic place always delight me. Long after one has retired the striking of the musical Cathedral clock awakens old memories. One of the largest and one of the most beautiful Cathedrals in all Ireland stands like a great watch-tower on the highest hill in Cobh. In the afternoon I met the Archbishop, who took me all over the Cathedral;—a kindly man who was born in the county in which he is now an archbishop. On the morrow I was to sail for home from this ancient port. There are memories of it which will never dim for me.

* * *

The "Mauretania" and the Atlantic again! Going aboard the "Maury," as she is affectionately known to those who sail often on her, is like meeting an old friend. I know her like an old book. I was awake early. From my hotel window I could see the river and the pier. I knew it would be a perfect day. The embarkation pier was only a short block from the hotel. The bags were packed and placed in the shed. At noon the outgoing passengers, about 200, assembled for the details of embarkation on the tender. I walked over to the Dublin train which leaves just a few yards from the pier, and watched it pull out, wishing I was on it going back to Dublin, Belfast and the friends I was leaving behind. I wanted to see Trinity College again—to have lunch-

eon in the college with the faculty and students,—to meet Adebayo Adesanya and hear him expound his dreams for his country—Nigeria; to meet again Prof. McDowell and the great scholar, Dr. Pyle, Prof. Furlong, a fellow of Trinity, Prof. Gwynn, professor of Biblical Greek, and all the others who made my visit to Trinity College so meaningful for me. That train for Dublin carried with it something too deep for utterance, almost too sacred to contemplate.

The tender blew a blast, the gang-planks were removed, slowly, with its New York-bound passengers it turned into the river, around the bend, and there, riding majestically, was the "Maury." We were soon aboard and she pointed her prow for the Statue of Liberty! I watched the Irish coast grow fainter and fainter and soon disappear. I was on my way home again to the country I love, the Church I serve, the family I adore and work I love.

On the homeward voyage there were many Chicagoans and several old friends. I was happy to see the wife of the fine Chancellor of the University of Chicago, Mrs. Lawrence A. Kimp-ton. She had accompanied the Chancellor for a two weeks' visit to England, attending an educational conference. After her recent illness the trip must have been refreshing for she looked exceptionally well. Judge Learned Hand and Mrs. Hand were fellow passengers. You will recall the part this distinguished New York jurist played in the famous Communists' trial in New York.

The saddest sight I saw during the whole summer was when the "Maury" overtook the damaged "Stockholm" limping along toward New York, with its smashed and twisted bow, its saddened crew, and its victims from the tragic "Andrea Doria." We passed the

scene soon after the "Ille de France" left. The sea was strewn with wreckage. Ships were hovering all about as we passed over the place of the tragedy. Our last few hours aboard were saddened with the catastrophe. New York—the rush of the disembarkation—the taxi ride in a deluge to the Grand Central—the train to Chicago—a few hours at home and at 6:30 aboard the Duluth Superior Limited.

On a Sunday morning at 8 o'clock we pulled into the Duluth Station and there, smiling a hearty welcome, was June and our caretaker of the little Island, Ray Landmark. A hundred mile drive through the glorious north woods brought us to Black Duck Island, the little island of memories, of sunshine and of tears—but we were home, safe and sound after 10,000 miles of travel on sea and land. Now

for a little rest, no phones, no cars, no noise, no electricity—where we burn candles and lamps, where murmuring pines play symphonic music and caressing waves make melody on the rocky shore.

I love islands—I understand why I love our small island and a larger island so far away. Our island home gave me a great welcome. The sky was blue, the lake quiet, and the birds singing. I breathed a prayer as I walked to the Study, pausing on the way at the grave of my dear little dog, "Skippy," who sleeps where he used to romp and play. I said "thank you" with all my heart that I was safe at home—no illness during the trip, no accidents — no unpleasantness anywhere, and all my family in good health. And now we face the winter ahead!

The Following Is An Incomplete List Of Our Young People Who Are Away At College

Louis Bentsen, Men's Residence Halls, 216 Barton, Champaign, Illinois

Steve Davis, University of Southern California, 689 So. New Hampshire Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California

William J. Holub, Jr., Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois

Miss Sandra Jongsma, Newcomb College of Tulane University, c/o Mrs. Tucker, 918 Broadway, New Orleans 18, Louisiana

Miss Judy Kluck, University of Colorado, 1229 13th Street, Boulder, Colorado

Preston Bradley Lind, East Hall, Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois

Charles H. Meredith, Jr., Sigma Chi House, DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana

Miss Priscilla Mohr, 218 Gregory Drive, Champaign, Illinois (University of Illinois)

Richard Neal Molson, 601 E. Indiana Avenue, Wheaton, Illinois (Wheaton College)

Lee Warren Raven, Sigma Nu, 1050 W. 42nd St., Indianapolis, Indiana (Butler University)

Miss Karin Swanson, Box 95, Voorhees Hall, Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Maral Ann Weireter, Alpha Chi Omega, 904 So. Lincoln St., Urbana, Illinois



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The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

THERE is a very simple, but very important message I would give to you young people who are in our colleges and universities. You are facing a world in which the important word is "Automation." That means you face the hazard of becoming a cog and not a personality. But if you are thrilled with the glory of adventure and the spirit of the pioneer, then you will stand as an individual in an age of automation.

The very essence of a true education is to create an individual, a personality. That man is truly educated, not who knows a lot, but who knows how to execute his knowledge for the benefactions of mankind. That person is educated who is in control of his personality, master of his intellect, sovereign of his emotions, in control of his physical life.

A truly educated person is a person so highly integrated that he is master of every given situation. And the sense of the pioneer is to be found in that kind of personality. When the last forest was levelled, when they drilled through the mountains out to the Pacific and stood on the shores of the Ber-

ing Sea and saw reflected in their visions the wastes of Siberia, and the conquest of a Continent had taken place, the world said: "The pioneer is no more."

I say this is the true age of the pioneer! And if I were young again, I would be a pioneer. There are greater sermons to preach than have ever been preached; greater books to write than have ever been written; greater portraits and beauties in art to be created than have ever been created; greater and more magnificent evidences of breathing marble to be sculptured than have ever been in the hands of Phidias or Michaelangelo! This is the hour of the pioneer.

Young man, young woman, recreate the spirit of the pioneer. Think for yourselves! Retain, as most precious, your own personality. Live your life according to the highest dictates of the human personality; a life of service and a life of love; for the age of the pioneer is about to dawn. The conquest of the materialistic and of the automatic world will finally succumb to the power and beauty of the sacred personality!

Stand for something! And there was

never more to stand for than in this hour! The flag that waves from the masthead of your life is not dependent for its virtue upon the construction of

the flagstaff—it is not how high it is nor how perfect it is—the thing that matters is the kind of flag that flies from the flagstaff of your life.

IN MEMORY

TO Dr. and Mrs. Rufus Lee of 5703 Newark Street, old-time members of the Peoples Church, Sunday, September 30th, had special meaning.

Dr. Lee has a beautiful hobby—the growing of flowers. His specialities are king-size dahlias and beautiful orchids. His dahlias were at full bloom this week-end and he decided to send three great baskets of these never-to-be-forgotten dahlias to the church in memory of three friends who used to come each summer to sit in his garden and enjoy the beautiful bloom on display there. Down two sides of the garden, many rows deep, stand these huge dahlias, their stalks several feet taller than the people who come to view them each year; the blossoms of many exquisite shades and some eleven inches across the top. At the end of the

garden is a pool with lovely pond lilies afloat in the clear water. And the pool is flanked by tall evergreens.

Mr. Walter Hermsdorf, formerly and for many years a member of the Board of Trustees of the church, Mr. Wyllys W. Hagen, godfather of the Lees' granddaughter and for many years a member of the ushering staff of the church; and Mr. Mat Riley, who had been a member of the Upton Players in the earlier years of their work and whose widow now lives in the East; these were the three friends of Dr. and Mrs. Lee in whose memory the flowers were given.

Never were flowers shared with the congregation which meant more than these gorgeous blooms grown by the giver himself and brought in memory of his three dear departed friends.

Special Announcement

**Sunday Evening Services Open Sunday,
November 4th 7:00 p.m.**

**Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast over
WSEL, 104.3, F.M. 9:30 p.m.**

"WORLD-WIDE DECISIONS"

Sermon by **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

**Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
September 30, 1956**

THE age in which we live could be designated with many descriptive phrases—Age of Science, Age of Energy, Age of Experimentation—but I'm interested in it today from another point of view entirely. It is the age of decision! And the time of decision is always an important and a strategic time in the life of a nation, a world or an individual. And as I stand at my little window and look out upon the passing pageantry of our modern world, I am more and more convinced, with the passing of every 24 hours, that our world, our nation and you are all shaping up to some very important decisions!

Life is not as complex as a lot of people think it is, it is not as intricate, it is not as involved. Most of us, I think have a tendency to think of life, particularly under the pressure and tension of the manner in which we must live it these days, as a very intricate thing. But I think that that is almost a superficial observation. Life can be resolved to much more simple terms than seems obvious to so many people. If we were to stop and analyze the influences which have contributed to what we are at this moment, we might find it quite complicated and we might find it involved and, perhaps unusually intricate! But if we look at it from the point of decision it's quite another matter! It is interesting to the philosophical student of human history that he can resolve the great historical decisions which nations and races have made through the ages into a category of about twelve; that out of all the restless up-

heavals of man's evolutionary development in human society he has expressed himself under 12 great decisions that the world has made! And the decisions have influenced all subsequent history.

The same is true of our own United States. We could resolve our own life as a nation into about seven decisions! Seven decisions throughout our history from its beginning until today, seven decisions which have been made on such an extensive scale that they have influenced all subsequent history! And in this sense it is not as intricate and complicated as a lot of people think life is, or as they think international relations are.

We can take the whole effort of international organization today in the life of the world and we make the interesting discovery that you can resolve all of the decisions which have been made, and decisions which have been unmade, in our diplomatic history into a very limited category, for they are all conditioned and implemented by certain, definite, fundamental principles—and these principles are universal! They have no liquidity at all; they have no elasticity—they are as definite as the square, as eternal as the circle and as permanent as truth! So the world-wide decisions which nations are about to make or those you may make in your individual life are not as complicated and difficult as a great many suspect. If I were to talk with you intimately and confidentially and you were to tell me some of the experiences of your life and some of the decisions which you have had to make in your

life—I would, perhaps, be rather dogmatic in my conclusions about your life. I can't do that—I can only speak for myself.

I can take my life as an example. I've lived for quite a while in this world and I've had a wide variety of experiences, and I don't know as there is any great experience involved in the business of living life that I haven't shared throughout the years of my life. I've known pretty much the depths; I've spent a lot of time in the valley; I've known something of the glory and the beauty of the sunrise and I've seen the day deepen into the darkness of a long night! I know what the ramifications of the emotional experiences of life are! I think most of us have shared life pretty deeply. But I can take this whole life of mine, for instance, and I can look back and see, definitely where five decisions—only five in my life—have brought me where I am today! Not the living of life from day to day in the common experiences of life, but the great decisions that I had to make! One of them I had to make in my senior year of high school; one of them I had to make in my sophomore year in college; one of them I had to make ten years after I had been in this pulpit; one of them I had to make less than five years ago—but I can take all that life has meant to me and analyze it down to five great decisions in my life! So can you! Not a single member of our congregation; not a single listener to this broadcast, but if you will sit down and analyze your life—what you are, where you are, what you have accomplished or not accomplished, what has happened to you—you can, with a definiteness that has the uncanny accuracy of mathematics, go back into your life and find a series, one, two, three, four, five—not many, there aren't many with the most of us

—and I could give you illustration after illustration of that truth! And sometimes it's a good thing, when life sort of falls down about us like a house of cards and the dreams seem to disappear in the vapor of unreality and disappointment and sadness and heartache comes sweeping into our life, sometimes it's a good thing for us to break our lives down and go back across these years and see those decisions with uncanny brilliancy, as they are the focal point around which revolves everything that we are! You are what you are, seated in these seats this morning, because of the decisions you have made! You are what you are in your life, and your happiness is largely because of some decision you made somewhere along the way! These decisions of life are the important factors that we must consider! And the interesting thing about it is that sometimes life doesn't wait for our decisions—sometimes life does the deciding!

Sometimes the pressure and the sweep of life carries us out into the stream, and even against our own hopes and our own wills and our own ambitions and our own desires we find the sweep of the current of life carrying us on, forcing decisions! Life has a way of forcing upon us a decision, and you can't be neutral about it and you can't avoid it, and you can't run away from it and you can't deny it! Life will force you into some of these decisions—the very current and pattern of life itself! Unless someone might think that I am succumbing to a sort of fatalistic philosophy of determinism, permit me to say to you that I have no such philosophy in my life. We can sweep with the current and the current can force decisions, but life does not consist of avoiding, running away from or denying trouble—life consists in utilizing it.

Three things you can do with these

experiences. You can deny them; you can attempt to run away from them, or you can use them! Life will do one of two things for you in these experiences—it will either crush you and break you, or it will sustain you in using every experience of life! The most powerful, vibrant and buoyant personalities I have ever met have been people who did not run away from life, from trouble, from heartache, from all the experiences of life, but were people who used the experiences as ladders! For a heartache can be a ladder; a failure can lead to success!

The tragedy of the present hour in the world is the tragic manifestation of the insecurity of secure people! That's the tragedy of our modern world—the insecurity of secure people! The same thing applies to the whole realm of nations and to international relations. Deep down underneath all of this principle and this philosophy about which I am speaking is the eternal pattern of the divine, and we're in a cosmos so highly integrated in its moral structure that there isn't a possibility in it for evil or evil nations or evil men ever to triumph! It can't be done! Show me one page of human history where evil and evil nations and evil men had the last word! Goodness is the final reality; divine love is the ultimate power, and if a life and a nation can be undergirded with that truth, then the future holds not failure but opportunity; not disaster but triumph; not defeat but victory; not death but life.

Oh, if those who gather at the United Nations on Friday over this problem of the Suez could only see the long look of human history, if they could eliminate the selfish, personal ambitions of race and color and creed and commerce, and look into the magnitude of the expansive reality of divine good. If that could be the spirit

of international assemblies; if that divine truth could only be made articulate, the possibility of a cobalt bomb would disappear like dew upon the petals of a morning flower—if we could get our values straight! I happen to believe, and I have no hesitancy in saying it, that all the oil in the Middle East is not worth one red drop of an American boy's blood! I happen to believe that because I believe in the eternal values and the great moral principles of the cosmos itself! Man has got to stop trying to violate, in this gadget-ridden, materialistic hour, the eternal principles of the divine, or the current will sweep him on into the open sea of oblivion! The hour of decision is upon us! And it's upon you and it's upon me!

The great Anatole France, powerful, rich, literary genius, giant, surrounded by wealth and everything in the world—if you look at him you'll say he had every right to be happy—but listen to Anatole France: "I have never known a happy hour!" Everything in the world, but "I have never known a happy hour!" Wilberforce, the great apostle of freedom, who spent a lifetime emancipating the slavery of Britain—Wilberforce, over 70, lost everything, every dollar, every dime, the beautiful home in which he lived, everything, after a lifetime of service and love! And going to the house of a son, where he was slightly unwelcome, we listen to Wilberforce in the evening of his life: "I have just taken a walk, and there is peace and solitude in my heart." He had every right to be unhappy—he was happy.

This past week two women have died in America—one was a poor, broken, tortured, twisted, emotional soul, jumping from the window of the place where she lived in the hysteria of failure and remorse and the tragedy of it

all, and they picked up her crushed and broken bit of blood and bone—dead! Another died who left behind her the record clean and strong and pure and lovely, that has written athletic history for all time! Both about the same age! One life, tragic, tear-stained—and we are not here to

judge and we do not judge—the other, a beautiful life! Which one found the golden beauty beyond the rainbow of their hopes and dreams? Could Faith Bacon and The Babe sit down and analyze their lives, they would both discover: “Oh, the decisions that I have made!”



BOOK CHATS

HOWARD Whitman is one of the nation's foremost authorities on social problems. He served on the Commission for Mental Health Education of the International Congress on Mental Health, and is the author of over three hundred articles in leading magazines. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, of the State of California, says of Howard Whitman's latest book, *Success is Within You*; “Howard Whitman's book should be read by all the people trapped in the whirligig search for success, which is practically everybody. It will calm their spirits, give some a new sense of direction—and possibly shock a few with sudden recognition that real success is closer than they think.”

The author gives a long-needed reappraisal of success in our contemporary world, and shows us how and where we can find the way to *true* success—within our reach, within ourselves!

Besides being thought-provoking, this book is intensely interesting from cover to cover. It takes us through various kinds of success with many types of people. Probably never before has success been so thoroughly scruti-

nized or discussed with such depth of feeling, warmth, perception and skill. You will find yourself re-evaluating your own life and your goals. You may even re-map your future.

The author has travelled from one part of the country to the other, always asking people “Who is the most successful man in this town?” When he gets on the right trail he follows it to the end and the reader enjoys a fascinating biographical sketch. Who would expect the richest man in Washington to be found at the National Air Museum. Or another successful one “Under the Big Top,” in a humble position? The richest man in Baltimore was found at the Central Police Station. The one in Hollywood is a much-loved publicity man.

Young married couples or older ones will gain from reading his chapter on “Success in Marriage.” Howard Whitman really believes in putting “holy” back into matrimony and makes it sound sensible. It is worth a great deal to read this chapter, particularly if you are contemplating matrimony. If you are already married, it may save your marriage from ever going on the rocks.

Success Is Within You will help you

to discover whether you are a success or not (and either way you may have a surprise in store) and will help you to readjust your sights. It may keep

you from making the biggest mistake of your life. No doubt it will open your mind to new ideas. (Doubleday & Company, \$3.75.)



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

ON a Tuesday evening early in October I had a most delightful visit with Mrs. Nellie Spence, of Decatur, Illinois. Mrs. Spence was in Chicago on her yearly visit to the Grand Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star of Illinois. You say "What's so unusual about that?" Only that Mrs. Spence is 87 years young, this being her 54th visit to the Grand Chapter Annual Meeting. She became Worthy Matron of Decatur Chapter in 1909 and was Grand Marshal in 1911. She gets a quiet chuckle out of such remarks as this: "You know, Mrs. Spence, I was just an infant when you were Grand Marshal." She told me with delight that such remarks often come from one of the gentleman delegates. She displayed her Worthy Matron's pin and her 50-year pin, as well as a beautiful one that had been given her by the Order.

We had dinner together at the McCormick "Y", where she stays when in town. By the way, they really have a good cook and the dinner was delicious and reasonable.

Over our dinner, she told me how she first became acquainted with Dr. Bradley's voice on the air. He was on the radio over WGN at the time at 6:00 p.m., and she and Mr. Spence

happened to tune in. From then on they listened to Dr. Bradley at 6:00 o'clock nightly as long as he was broadcasting at that hour. It was thus they heard about the Sunday church broadcast.

Mrs. Spence is very loyal to the First Methodist Church of Decatur, Illinois, where she has belonged for 70 years. That is really being loyal, is it not? Her church is 121 years old, has had four church buildings, and the present building is to celebrate its 50th year this month. When she came to Decatur to live in 1882, in the same house where she now lives, there were nine churches there. Now there are about 75 for Decatur is a city of Churches. For nine years now she has been widowed and has lived alone in her two-story, four-bedroom home with trees surrounding it that have grown up with her.

It is a pleasure to see her eyes sparkle as she tells about her garden which she dearly loves! Every spring she has 500 tulips and a garden full of wild flowers which she herself has planted. Her maple tree on the front lawn shades both sides of the highway and lends its comforting coolness to the traffic policeman on a hot day.

Her husband was a great lover of

birds and they have kept a winter feeding place for the cardinals. On the last night she visited Mr. Spence in the hospital, his last words were, "Be sure and feed the cardinal." And she did it then and does it now. The cardinal comes and waits outside. If the food isn't there he scolds and calls for it until Mrs. Spence appears and says, "Here I am. Just a minute." She is sure he knows her voice.

She gave me \$2 for renewing her Liberalist subscription before I left to go home. She reads it from "cover to cover" and loves it. She explained that though she is thoroughly loyal to her Decatur church, there are times when she is a bit indisposed and cannot attend, and at such times she always listens to Dr. Bradley. The first time she saw Dr. Bradley she was amazed to see how unlike her imagined picture of him he was. She had pictured him as very tall, very slender and with gray hair. When he walked out onto the pulpit in his black robe for the first time that she visited the church in person, she actually drew in her breath in astonishment. He was so unlike her idea of him.

It reminded me of the story Dr. Bradley tells on himself of the lady who said to him: "You don't look anything like I thought you would. But don't let it worry you. You can't help, can you?" Mrs. Spence said she didn't quite dare tell him that.

Every year the Business Woman's Club receives for their Bazaar Booth, a pair of white bootees, knitted by Mrs. Spence. She has promised them again this year; says she loves to knit. She spoke of how much she enjoys the various letters written to Dr. Bradley which are published in the Mail Tag and spoke especially of the one written by the man who had once been a page boy to Mrs. Marshall Field the first. It brought back the days when

Mrs. Spence came to Chicago as a bride, 64 years ago. Well did she remember when Marshall Field had a store that was just three stories high. At that time she used to buy china at the Fair Store. The china department was in that part of the store which was only one story high. This was on the corner, and next to it was the remainder of the store, three stories high.

Down in Decatur her church has a club called "The Over 60 Club, to which there are couples belonging who are over 90 years of age. They meet once a month and have a different type of program each time. Once they had a school days program and all took part with recitations and so forth. She is in charge of refreshments for these parties. Several of the church people call for these "oldsters" and bring them to the club meeting and take them home again. "Of course," says Mrs. Spence, "there are some who are 60 but will not admit it, and so they won't join the club."

She has been Superintendent of the Junior Department of the Sunday School, and of the 300 children enrolled, 200 were in her department.

When I started for home at about 9:00 o'clock (for I knew Wednesday was to be a big day in the Grand Chapter meeting), Mrs. Spence decided she wanted a breath of fresh air. She walked downstairs with me and over to the car a couple of blocks away, saw me off on the street car and walked back alone to her "Y". The big city and its traffic didn't bother her in the least. She even spoke in praise of the considerateness of Chicago traffic. Said it was much more considerate than the traffic in Decatur (Mayor Daley will be pleased).

Of course you wouldn't guess Mrs. Spence to be 87. But I couldn't help looking at her with great admiration

and affection and with a big hope that I might always remain as vigorous, active and as interested in the life around me as she is. I've promised to visit her in Decatur in the Spring. I do want to see her in her own home and in that lovely garden which she and Love have created.

Since writing the above I've had a letter from her. She went home Wednesday night "on the midnight train." The Wabash Railroad put on an extra coach which was completely filled with delegates from Decatur and nearby towns. "They were a noisy bunch part way," says Mrs. Spence, "then all of them seemed to get to sleep. I relaxed, but no sleep. They are all young people except me. They can't understand me. They said they were all worn out, but I told them I was ready for another week. All of them are so sweet to me and I enjoy them. Every one on that car was born since I was Grand Marshal in 1911. I find it quite a joke."

Then she continues: "I wanted to get home for our General Meeting of our Woman's Society of Christian Service. We have nine circles and our circle was hostess and served a lunch.

"While at the Temple in Chicago, the Worthy Matron of Blue Mound Chapter invited me to be their Guest of Honor on October 19th. I was happy to accept, for I was their first instructress years ago, when I was a Grand Lecturer."

Is it not a joy to see how this lovely lady of service is now reaping the delightful fruits of a good life. Truly her life is a success and she has matured into that beautiful after-part of life as has her glorious maple tree out on her front lawn.

I'm sure you won't mind my having taken up so much of our Mail Bag to tell you about this very grand and

interesting Decatur personality.

* * *

First of all, I bring you a letter from Africa, from Lambarene. It is written by a Dutch nurse at the hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer there:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As Miss Emma Haussknecht asked me to care for her correspondence, before she left for Europe in March, I wish to write to you some lines. I know that she visited you in '53-'54 and how she enjoyed her stay in America, where she met so much touching kindness. Perhaps you know that Miss Emma was operated in April, in a hospital in Strasbourg; that she could not recover any more, and that she died in June. But I want to tell you this from Lambarene. Miss Emma Haussknecht was my best and dearest friend. You surely can understand what this loss means to Dr. Schweitzer, whom she helped in every possible way.

With very kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) A. C. Silver (Dutch nurse)

* * *

Many in our congregation will remember the evening when Miss Haussknecht was in Dr. Bradley's pulpit telling us about Dr. Schweitzer and his work at Lambarene, where she was his special assistant. I was looking in the files a few days prior to Dr. Bradley's receiving the above letter from Miss Silver and came across a letter from Miss Haussknecht written to Dr. Bradley at Lambarene the 21st November, 1954. As it was her last letter to him, I decided to publish it here, next to Miss Silver's letter. Miss Haussknecht had received a copy of "Le Protestant," in which was a large picture of Dr. Bradley:

Hello, dear Dr. Bradley:

Here you are in effigy! Imagine what pleasure it was for me, when

opened the Swiss paper *Le Protestant*, and you looked at me. I just said "Hello, how do you do?" I often thankfully remember the fine evening you arranged for Dr. Schweitzer's Hospital. If you see Dr. Wetzel, the organist, and the soloists and all who helped for that fine evening, so kindly, please give them all my best greetings. They all helped for the good result of the evening.

I write late in the night. Some crisis, some tam-tam drums, no other voice or noise to hear.

It is still warm, the day was very hot and damp. I am used to it.

Our Dr. Schweitzer is still in Europe. On November 4th, he spoke in Oslo (Norwegian) about the problems of peace among the nations. At present he prepares the departure from Europe. Unfortunately the boat will be late. On Christmas eve he will be still on sea, but quite near our coast.

Since a number of years he never missed Christmas in Lambarene, but this time. Well, we will be very happy to have him here again just after Christmas.

With kind remembrances of all your kindness, please accept my best greetings.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Emma Haussknecht.

What a wonderful record of service to mankind has been left by Miss Emma Haussknecht. And now her dearest friend, Miss A. C. Silver, must continue to carry on without her friend, but surely with the knowledge that she has the hearty approval and gratitude of that friend.

* * *

And from a letter to her, written by one of the 4-H young people, from Legerwood, North Carolina, Mrs. Grace Beach, the Administrative Assistant of the Izaak Walton League of

America, sends Dr. Bradley this quotation:

"Of my experience at the YOA Conference, I, like everyone else I suppose, remember clearest the last dinner—carrying the flag of our own state, and most of all that unforgettable speech by Dr. Preston Bradley. Just the other day I got out my copy of the talk and read it over for the thousandth time I guess. Each reading leaves me bewildered. I have never heard such a challenge before such a group and its impression will never vanish. Best wishes to you and all the others devoted to the Izaak Walton League of America."

Mary Wiese,
1955 Delegate YOA Conference.

* * *

The President of the Indiana Division of the Izaak Walton League writes:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Forgive me for not having written you immediately following the close of our 34th Annual Convention of the Indiana Division of the Izaak Walton League of America, at Kokomo, expressing my personal appreciation and the gratitude of the Indiana Division to you for honoring us with your presence at Saturday afternoon's meeting, September 22nd, and for the inspiring address you gave us.

My tardiness may be excused by my saying that for the past ten days I have been more or less going about in circles, and am just now beginning to get things organized that I may work in a more orderly fashion.

We, in the Indiana Division, realize that you have a very busy schedule and that you made some sacrifice in accepting our invitation, but your coming to Kokomo made our 34th Annual Convention one to be long re-

membered. We Hoosier Waltonians are deeply grateful.

With "thanks a million" and with kindest regards to you and yours from Mrs. Stark and me, I am

Sincerely yours for 10,000 Hoosier Waltonians in 1956,

Ralph W. Stark,
President, Indiana Division, I.W.L.A.

* * *

Mr. Stark enclosed with his letter an article from The Indianapolis News, of September 24th, 1956, written by Tubby Toms. We quote from the beginning of the article:

"In all these years," says Mr. Toms, "of roaming the woodlands and then trying to transcribe for print words aimed at inculcating a greater human appreciation of a beneficent nature, one experience always is uppermost in my thoughts. It is the all too-infrequent times when my path crosses that of a great clergyman, Dr. Preston Bradley, of Chicago.

"Even in his advancing years, he's never too weary to preach on conservation and impress on his audiences, which number into the high thousands through radio and television, the fact that there is a heaven right here on earth for all who seek it. At Kokomo a few days ago it was my privilege to receive a beautiful plaque from the Izaak Walton League. And what added to the pleasure, it was presented to me by Dr. Bradley, whom I have known in conservation work for more than 30 years."

* * *

The President of the University of Illinois, David D. Henry, writing from Urbana, says:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

One of the pleasant outcomes of the Installation occasion was your greeting. Although the event was planned

primarily to serve as an interpretation of the history and mission of the University, Mrs. Henry and I were very grateful for the opportunity to hear from friends.

Your taking note of the day and troubling to write was particularly gratifying, and your expression of good will was heartwarming.

Sincerely,

David D. Henry.

* * *

Mr. Eugene Tasset Du Pont wrote in gratitude for some copies of The Liberalist which we sent him:

Dear Miss Smalley:

Thank you for the two copies of the September Liberalist. I was delighted to read what you had to say about the Romance of Flowers. Thank you.

Most of all I was happy to read Dr. Bradley's inspiring words again. He is indeed a remarkable leader in so many ways. But I like best his ability to make you feel good no matter what is ailing you. His Irish buoyancy and bounce are just what the doctor ordered. Life is worth living when you have such words as Dr. Bradley's to lead you on and upward. I really envy his common sense optimism that seems to bubble over him so easily and so naturally. He is like fine champagne that sparkles; and aging certainly seems to agree with him. He seems just as young and vibrant as when I first heard him way back in 1920 and 1921. That was almost forty years ago when they were shooting rabbits in the Wilson Avenue and Rogers Park sections—almost.

I often wonder why Dr. Bradley does not record his sermons for broadcast in this area. There are lots of stations here and this is the "greatest area for religious activity" in the U.S. they say. Hollywood and Beverly Hills

have lots of liberal minded people, so has all southern California.

With best wishes,

Eugene T. DuPont.

* * *

Our next letter comes from Ridge Farm, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was good to hear you again today! I'm one of your radio congregation, you know.

You talked so much about the sea that I am tempted to send you an excerpt from a long poem I am writing, in which the sea plays a predominant part.

A bit of the story is necessary:

A widow and her only son are at Manomet, Cape Cod, for the summer. The husband and father was recently killed in an accident. The widow is telling her son of 20 how the sea helped assuage her grief.

I have spent several summers myself on Cape Cod, so the locale is very well known. Here follows the poem:

"My son," she said, "this has been good for me,

A healing comes from looking at the sea;
One's individual longings are effaced,
And by eternal values are replaced.
The great immensity of sky and sea
Make me forget the little selfish me.

We all are fragments of an unknown plan
That supersedes the thought and wish of man,

And when I comprehend I'm but a part
Of that great plan, I have a peaceful heart.
Your father's accident that caused his death,—

We have asked *why*—no doubt a waste of breath.

It could be death is but another name
And complement of life—yet both the same,—

For everything is in perpetual change,
Through powerful energy we can't arrange
To suit our individual desires."

Elizabeth Colwell.

* * *

Mrs. Ruth E. Heyer sent a con-

tribution to the church and sent the name of a young lady in college to whom she asked us to send *The Liberalist*. We will certainly be happy to do so. Mrs. Heyer says, "I was there when the corner stone of your church was laid and I attend your church services and book lectures as often as possible. I know you will understand when I say I am a grandmother, living alone, and find that each year I require a little more rest to keep me alert and fit at my position. I pray that God will bless you and keep you in the best of health, that you may continue your good work for many years."

And here are a few lines from our jolly friend The Duke of Paducah who lives in Rockford, but hails originally from Durand:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

Yesterday it seemed as though the halcyon days had returned . . . we sitting down front listening to you. I knew darn well you would throw in some trick word that would send me scurrying to the Thesaurus as soon as I got home, and you never disappoint. Yesterday it was "comity." Brother! The present-day kids would call you "cool."

It goes without saying I enjoyed your talk . . . but then, I always do . . . although yesterday you seemed even better than usual.

Nevertheless, if you were a 100% perfect preacher, instead of being a mere 99.9% perfect sky-pilot, you would personally do something about that entrance-gate to the free parking lot. It's too abrupt, sic, my right fender!

However, your 94th natal day is no time for recrimination: the outstanding fact that you have actually countenanced me for so many years is a glowing commentary on your personal

equanimity, and also a distinct tribute to your arteries.

It is the sincere hope of the Duchess and myself that you will continue along the same lines for years and years and never change. You see, we like you precisely as you are.

Long may you wave!

the duke.

The Duchess, kibitzing over my shoulder says: "Oh, my goodness! you forgot to mention the choir!" All right, it's larger and better and pretty slick.

* * *

One who wishes to remain anonymous sent the following which is a favorite of hers:

There Is No God?

Never once since the world began
Has the sun ever stopped its shining.
His face very often we could not see,
And we grumbled at his inconstancy,
But the clouds were really to blame,
not he.
For behind them, he was shining.
And so behind life's darkest clouds,
God's love is always shining.
We veil it at times with our
faithless fears,
And darken our sight with our
foolish tears,
But in time the atmosphere
always clears.
For His love is always shining.

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

A Tribute to LeRoy Wetzel

(Given by Dr. Bradley in his pulpit, October 14th)

On Friday morning, October 12, in the City of Los Angeles, Professor LeRoy Wetzel passed on. They didn't think he was fatally ill. He was in the hospital and said he was tired. This message will touch many of your hearts, as it does mine. I sense his presence this morning in this church, where linger beautiful memories of him and his work with us.

Professor LeRoy Wetzel was one of the most distinguished musicians, directors and organists in the entire country. His personality was buoyant, always buoyant, to the very end.

He was loved by many of the students of one of the greatest high schools in America—the Carl Schurz High School—where for many years he was head of the music department. He was Director of the Chicago Association of Commerce Glee Club, which presented an annual concert in Orchestra Hall. The men of the Chicago Association of Commerce and that glee club will miss him. The fine group he occasionally brought here to our Sunday Evening service from the Irving Park YMCA will

miss him.

It's a beautiful thing to have written your personality into the lives of people through music. And so I pay this brief and inadequate tribute to one of the finest men I have ever known. We worked together for years in this pulpit. He built the musical library for this church, which is housed in a room to the left of this pulpit. You know the quality of his music; you know the artist that he was—his unwillingness to compromise with anything that did not reach the height of his own artistic understanding.

On October 21st, at our morning service, Mr. Bennett is going to present, with the choir, a number from Mr. Wetzel's own heart and mind. We will sing one of his own anthems as a tribute from this church and its pastor to him. And perhaps from the battlements of the eternal he will look down upon us and hear.

LeRoy Wetzel was a great soul, a great man, a great teacher. We shall all miss him. God bless the memory of LeRoy Wetzel.

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Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.	
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Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....	11:00 to 12:00 noon
Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, F.M. Sunday.....	9:30 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service Opens November 4th.....	7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (January, February and March)	8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Nov. 12, Annual Donation Tea,	
Chairman, Mrs. Preston Bradley.....	1:00 p.m.
Thursday, Nov. 15; Friday, Nov. 16. All day and evening, Church Bazaar	
Monday, Nov. 26, Art Department—Reciprocity Day Lorraine Kennedy	
Jakus in a Dramatic Play; "Self-Culture and Gratitude," in Reward Yourself	
series, Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh.....	1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday, Nov. 4, "Wings Over	
Bermuda" and "Wings Over My Island" (Japan) Public invited. Refreshments..	4:00 p.m.
Sunday, Nov. 11, Miss Eleanor M. Burgess will present "Pakistan and India,"	
with colored slides. Public invited. Refreshments.....	4:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tuesday, Nov. 27, Open Meeting. Ladies invited. Dr. Louis Ray-	
mond, Minister of First Presbyterian Church of Rogers Park, in an evening	
of Folk Singing, with his own Banjo accompaniment.....	8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. <i>In Memoriam.</i>	
Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.	
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed.....	9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.	
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall.....	3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall.....	3:30 p.m.

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